
Camp Joseph E. Johnston Collection
Correspondence

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2-17-1918

Letter: Wesley Bouslog to Opal Valentine Baker, February 17, 1918

Wesley Bouslog

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Sunday 2/17/18

Moi machère Valentine: -

Received your letter with "Comet" en-
closed. Of course the "Comet" was very pleasing but
wasn't even looked at until your letter had been read
two or three times. I think this will make the
Fourth time I have read this letter and am now
sitting with it in my hand (left) and writing with
the other.

Wall Virgil was just here and I went with
him to the P.O. Another Virgil Hale has been
getting all his mail. Virgil is in the Field Remount
and the other Virgil is in the Auxilliary Remount.
As Virgil has not been receiving any mail here
of course he was worried and never would
have known why had not he met a boy last
night who knew him and who said, Say, I met
another fellow who has exactly the same name
as you. This gave us a clue that probably this
other fellow was getting all the mail, so we
went to the P.O. Wall they only had one card
there and that card bore the other Virgil's
address. They had torn up our Virgil's thinking
that they had two cards for the same man.
Wall I think from now on he will get his
mail. It seems very funny to find two
men of the same name exactly. Virgil is
going to look up the other Virgil Hale this
P.M.

I am today barracks orderly, not for myself
but taking the place of a friend who wanted to
go to St. Augustine. Wall this is an easy
job all I have to do is to stay in the

barracks and C that no clothing or anything else is taken or stolen.

Probably some day this fellow will do as much for me, if he never does I have at least shown the spirit of friendship as ought to be shown between comrades working for the same common result.

Here I sit with no public calls, nothing to summon me from my quiet, at the top of my strength in mind and body and everything about me agreeable. Seems as if one ought to be happy and contented, well I am in a way, but it seems as if I am living in one long continual dream. It seems as if I have to souls, one to face the world with, the other to show a dear friend that I love her. I had some dream last night, many times did I clasp you in my arms, but it was not you of my imagination. If it had been really you I would not be here today to pen this letter. I would have died of joy. The thought that you love me and often think of me - very often is much pleasure indeed. I have already saved up a million equatorial kisses for you, but if the time should come that I cannot deliver them I shall then play the part of a modern Quock Arden for your sake. Did you ever read the story of Quock Arden, when you told me what you did about Oletha it made me recall the story of Quock Arden as Tennyson portrayed it.

All the boys are planning for a great time on Washington's birthday. Invitations cards have been given us, but as I have no one to invite I shall send it to you

as a souvenir, I know if you wanted to take advantage of the invitation and come would be O.K. with every one. We are supposed to invite no one but those who were once in this company. I know of no friend of mine who was ever in this "Blacksmith Company". It is called Blacksmith's because half of it is made up of blacksmiths who have been assigned. The rest of the company is made up of the unassigned men known as the 18th Receiving Company, and so I belong to the 18th R.C. Company, but we permit it to go under the name of Blacksmith's Company. Every day the R.C. do drill while the blacksmiths work in the Blacksmith's shop. We eat at a different table and the Blacksmiths are better fed than we, but we agree that they should be for we wouldn't change places with them even to get better eats. They deserve all the eats they get and we get all we eat. That's the difference. So we just I can say I have never yet gone hungry and as a rule never hurry to eat. Sometimes their menu doesn't suit me, but when that occurs I just pick out what I want and wait till next mess. If anyone wants to know where I am tell them I am attached to a Blacksmith's Company. Ha, Ha! It takes a strong back and a weak head to make a good one, so I will probably make a good one. Ha! Ha! Wouldn't that tickle H. Harless to think I was attached to a Blacksmith Co. Ha! Just show him this invitation and then see if he don't spread the news everywhere. Well let him do it. Ha. He always was a good newspaper but never very reliable, so here is a good chance for him to

spread more unreliable news. Ha! I can almost see him smile when he thinks of me being a blacksmith. Well I am with but not a Smith "C"

Well how is everyone about Sulphur? When does Jesse leave? What other boys that I know leave with him? I presume he will go to Camp Taylor. Sometimes about noon days after work I were in a northern climate and escape the hot sun. Perhaps it is only the Spring fever affecting me. You should see one of the boys ready for bath. It looks like a negro's head set on a white man's body. From the top of the collar to the top of the head is tanned you see while the portion of the body covered with clothing is snow white. Can you imagine how we might look? Tell Jim I said "Hullo" and that she can write anytime she wants to for I won't object. Ha!

Too bad about Ruth looking so bad but she will soon learn that she needn't be a hog about it. Ha! Sometimes women meet their match you see, but this very seldom occurs.

Well, I imagine we are going to have some ice-cream for dinner for I see them unloading some at the mess-hall.

I trust your mother is correct in her view that peace is near but our hopes is often subject to shatter so I am preparing for the worst and such as may follow. If happiness and peace are near then it will be all the more enjoyable when it does come. "May the God of battles" crown our endeavors with success at all events we shall see that our names will always remain dear to those at home. I must close.

With the greatest fondness,
Wm

A Thousand kisses for you.

Keep well, have a good time and the future will take care of itself.

BLACKSMITH COMPANY NUMBER ONE
CAMP JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON
JACKSONVILLE, FLORIDA.

You are cordially invited to attend our Laton Camp Fire and Dance
in honor of our Block Commander Captain S. W. Schafer
and
Company Commander ^{LT} George E. Boggs
at Block A 34, 35 and 36, on Washington's Birthday Eve.,
Thursday, February Twenty-First,
Nineteen Hundred Eighteen
7:00 o'clock.

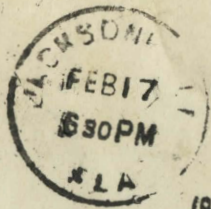
We surely welcome your presence and assure you a good time.

Jazz Band and Entertainment.

Wes L. Bouslog,



"WITH THE COLORS"



1918



Miss Opal Valentine Baker,
Sulphur Springs,
Henry County, Indiana

